

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER,
Editor and Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

TERMS:
One Dollar a Year in Advance

VOL. II, No. 24.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 2, 1874

SINGLE COPIES, THREE CENTS

Lehighton Directory.

Agents.
W. F. Y. Smith, Super. Sewing Machine and Insurance, next to E. H. Snyder's, Bank street.

Barber.
H. B. W. Smith, Shaving, Hair Cutting and Shampooing, 100 N. 3rd St. near Bank street.

Boot and Shoe Makers.
Charles W. Smith, 100 N. 3rd St. near Bank street. Also at 100 N. 3rd St. near Bank street.

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Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Passengers for Philadelphia will leave Lehighton as follows:

Time	Train	Arrive at Phila.
8:00 a.m.	Lehighton	8:55 a.m.
10:00 a.m.	Lehighton	10:55 a.m.
12:00 p.m.	Lehighton	12:55 p.m.
2:00 p.m.	Lehighton	2:55 p.m.
4:00 p.m.	Lehighton	4:55 p.m.
6:00 p.m.	Lehighton	6:55 p.m.

Returners, leave depot at Berks and American streets, Phila., at 7:15, 8:30 and 9:45 a.m. and 12:15, 2:30 and 3:45 p.m.

For full particulars, see Circular, No. 22.

Feb. 1, 1874.

MILLS CLARK, Agent.

CENTRAL R. OF N. J.

LEHIGHTON & SUQUHANNA DIVISION.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Commencing Dec. 15, 1873.

DOWN TRAINS.

Train	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7
Lehighton	8:00 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	10:00 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Lehighton	1:00 p.m.	1:30 p.m.	2:00 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	4:00 p.m.
Lehighton	5:00 p.m.	5:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	6:30 p.m.	7:00 p.m.	7:30 p.m.	8:00 p.m.

UP TRAINS.

Train	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7
Lehighton	8:00 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	10:00 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Lehighton	1:00 p.m.	1:30 p.m.	2:00 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	4:00 p.m.
Lehighton	5:00 p.m.	5:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	6:30 p.m.	7:00 p.m.	7:30 p.m.	8:00 p.m.

For full particulars, see Circular, No. 22.

Feb. 1, 1874.

MILLS CLARK, Agent.

BEATTY & PLOTTS.

The Beatty & Plotts celebrated Golden Tongue

PARLOR ORGAN

is acknowledged by professors of music and celebrated organists to be the leading Parlor Organ now in use. Testimonials and cards of honor are constantly being received in favor of them. We append a few and wish you to read them:

ANTHONY, N. J., Jan. 25, 1873.

Messrs. Beatty & Plotts, Gents—Your Organ, sold me, gives entire satisfaction. It is a beautiful tone and style of workmanship are seldom if ever surpassed. Wish you success in your business, I am, with respect, Prof. M. H. BEATTY.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., Feb. 11, 1874.

I have one of Beatty & Plotts' Golden Tongue Organ. It is an excellent instrument, fine tone and full power. I like it better than any I have heard.

M. H. HANDEL, M. D.

LAUREY, ST. PAUL, Jan. 27, 1874.

I have had Beatty & Plotts' Organ since August 14th, 1872; it gives the highest satisfaction, and has proved all that it was recommended by the proprietors.

JOHN HENRY.

SLATON, Pa., Feb. 6, 1874.

Beatty & Plotts' Parlor Organ I like better than the Standard, and it gives better satisfaction, as I find in my travels.

Prof. F. V. MAYER.

ST. CLAIR, Pa., Dec. 6th, 1873.

Messrs. Beatty & Plotts, Gents—I have received the Organ, as sent by your firm to me, and I have had it examined, and it gives ample satisfaction.

Hon. JOHN SNEY.

MANASSA CITY, Pa., Oct. 16, 1873.

The Beatty & Plotts celebrated Golden Tongue Parlor Organ is by far the best Parlor Organ in use. I have carefully examined it, and find its tone, workmanship and durability to be the best I ever saw, and I can with pleasure recommend it to any in want of a first-class parlor organ.

Prof. O. H. USHER.

Messrs. Beatty & Plotts, of Washington, N. J., are gentlemen of enterprise, and whose presence would be a credit to any community.

[Hackettstown, N. J., Herald, 1872.]

WASHINGTON, N. J., Sept. 5, 1873.

To Robert Morgan, Pottsville—I am happy to state that the instrument gives entire satisfaction, not only to myself but also to the teachers of the Seminary who are better judges.

Rev. A. M. JELLY.

We say, after careful and costly experiment, it is with pleasure we introduce the "Golden Tongue," knowing it possesses many advantages over all others manufactured. The tone excels in fullness, purity, and the thousands of testimonials which are being constantly received, are evidence that our efforts have been eminently successful.

For particulars and Price List, address

BEATTY & PLOTTS,

Washington, N. J.

THE MANHATTAN SPRING BED and Combination

MATTRESS.

P. J. KISTLER, POSTMASTER OF WEISSPORT, has been appointed Agent for Lehighton, Weissport and vicinity to give our citizens a chance to see and test the merits of the arrangement of springs. He is willing to put them on trial for any person for one week, and if they do not prove superior to the Woven Wire Mattress, Putnam, Yankee, Norfolk, Wright, Springfield, Howe, Tucker, Eureka, Munroe, Imperial, United States, Walker, Connecticut, Eagle, Salem or any of the one thousand and one Spring Beds that have been put upon the market, you are not asked to buy it. The above named beds have been discarded to make room for the improved. It has no hiding place for bugs, has no slats on top of the springs, but heavy duck canvas, looking at the base of the spring, that may be taken off and the slats removed (for cleaning or otherwise) by any body in five minutes and replaced at pleasure. The springs may be changed to other portions of the bed with very little trouble. The springs are warranted to keep place and last longer than any other in use. For invalids it cannot be surpassed. He fits them to any bedstead or different weight of persons, the largest number under the heaviest part of the body, and with a light covering of hucks, cotton, straw bed, or hair mattress, they adapt themselves completely to the body. The lady's should call and see the arrangement of springs for the cradle, and not have to use leathers in warm weather. They are better than soothing syrup or cordials for the little ones. The springs are made from the very best cast steel from the celebrated Sheffield works of England. Come one and all and see them. These beds have been fully established in twelve different States. The Furniture men are especially invited to call and examine these beds. Beds put upon trial and no one asked to purchase until after a fair trial.

P. J. KISTLER

nov 8 '73-tf

Agent, Weissport.

To whom it may concern.

All persons are hereby forbid harboring or trusting my husband, George Collins, on my account, as I will pay no debts contracted by him after this date.

AMELIA COLLINS.

Franklin twp., April 17, 1874-u3

"Three Very Bad Pears."

Matty Martin and her sister Fan played out of doors all last Summer. Even rainy days did not keep them in, for behind their house was a barn with great wide open doors and a broad floor. A covered walk led to it, along which the children loved to scamper. In the front yard there was a round arbor of evergreens, which made a capital do-ho-ho. There these little girls carried their tea-set on pleasant mornings, and there the dolls took tea at all hours of the day.

The children's father was a farmer, and he took care of a great farm belonging to Mr. Preston, who lived in the handsome house on the hill. Mr. Preston's garden and orchards stretched down the valley to the farm house where the Martin family lived. He was fond of his trees and crops, and watched the fruits with care, but most of all he prized his young pear orchard. Last Summer some of the trees were bearing for the first time, and he told Mr. Martin to see that nobody touched them.

One bergamot pear tree had three pears on it, and Mr. Preston wished to surprise his wife with them. She was a French lady, and was used to them in her own country; but they are not common here.

Well, one afternoon Matty and Fan Martin had played everything that they knew.

"What would you do?" said Matty to Fan.

"What would you do?" said Fan to Matty.

Matty looked up the orchard path that led towards Mr. Preston's. The smooth gravel walk, with its grassy border and shading trees, looking very tempting. They were strictly forbidden to go there.

"I guess we shouldn't hurt the trees, just to look at them," said Matty, with an injured air. "I don't see why we can't take a walk into the orchard."

"Nobody's ever there," said Fan, "and mother's in the sitting-room. She can't see us."

So, hand in hand, they stepped carefully up the walk, treading softly at first and keeping exactly in the middle so as to be sure they did no harm. All was quiet, and the way grew prettier as they left the farm house behind. Pacing on, they came to a beautiful pond, with seats of twisted wood upon the green banks. They passed an arbor covered with vines, out of which peeped the rich garb clusters. "Isn't it splendid!" said Matty. "And oh, what lovely apples!" said Fan. "Aren't you glad you came?" Still farther on were flower borders. The air grew sweet with late blooming pinks, four-o'clocks and mignonettes. Time flew past while they were lost in the new delight of peeping into the green house, and gazing at the bright scarlet beds of geranium, and the masses of gray and crimson plants.

At last they met a man at work in the grounds, and he asked them what their names were. Then the little girls started off on a run for home. They could see the house from the high garden ground where they were, but could not find the straight gravel path again. They dashed over the grass and across the orchard, running among the trees till they were out of breath. Then they threw themselves down at the very worst spot the could have chosen. It was close to the bergamot pear tree, and the three pears hung down within their reach. They were hard, and quite unfit to eat for weeks to come, but these children knew no better than to think they were delicious.

"I'm awful hungry," cried Fan.

"Nobody wants these poor, misshapen pears," said Matty. "There's lots of great big trees, you saw yourself, all loaded down with se-w-y-tif-ful pears and peaches and everything."

"I know it," said Fan. "Nobody'll ever care for these few old things."

So they each plucked and tasted, like their mother Eve before them. Very wry faces they made over the dry, hard unripe fruit, which a little more time and sunshine would have made delicious. They were quite vexed, so that Matty even snatched the third pear roughly from the tree, hung it with the others on the ground. And having got their breath by this time, they set off again, and reached home safely. Their mother had visitors, and had not missed them, and no questions were asked. Their disobedience appeared to have been quite a success.

But one evening the next week their father came home looking very strange. He did not seem to see the merry children who ran to him as usual, but sat

down in his chair like one who fears a fall. Kind Mrs. Martin was frightened, and laid her hand on his head, saying, "Why, James, what is the matter?" "Matter!" said he; "I'm discharged! and you've got to leave this dear home where we've lived so long."

"Why, what for?" cried Mrs. Martin.

"Some of the crops have not done well this season, you know," answered her husband, "and one of the horses has died; but Mr. Preston knew it was not my fault. Still, perhaps he was annoyed, and this afternoon he has found those bergamot pears, that he was so proud of, and told me to watch, picked off and thrown away under the tree. The gardener says it was our children that did it! I said it was not, and they had never gone up the orchard at all, and were forbidden ever to do it. But Mr. Preston got angry, and I said it was our children, for the gardener saw them up there last week; and he must have a man whose family did not trouble him."

"Oh, papa," cried Matty, "they were only three very bad pears; all good for nothing!" "Then you did it!" exclaimed her poor father. "Then Mr. Preston is right, and he must get a man whose children do not disobey him." He laid his hand on his wife's shoulder, and his frame shook with sobs.

Ah, what a sad punishment was this for an afternoon's disobedience. We never know where a wrong act will end. Let us be sure that we obey the commands given us, whether by God our Father or by earthly parents. God only, who sees the end from the beginning, can guide us.—Genesee Congregationalist.

Mother's House.

How many happy thoughts are called up by those two beautiful words. Is there—can there be any place so full of pleasant places? Our heart turns with unchangeable love and longing to the dear old house which sheltered us in childhood's day. Kind friends may beckon us to newer scenes, and loving hearts may bind us fast to warm homes, but there is one place dearer than all, and that is "Mother's House." Here we have watched life come and go. Here perchance we have watched with aching heart the dear one torn from the home-nest out into the world which has proved a snare and temptation to many wandering feet. And here we gather strength to take up our lives again, and go on patiently unto the end. But though the world calls us, and we may find friends good and true, we turn to the dear old home when troubles come, for help and comfort. Ah—Mother's House. It may be old and rickety to the eyes of the stranger. But still it is "Mother's House." It is the dear old spot from which we looked out upon life with heart full of hope, building wonderful castles in cloudland which faded away long ago; but thanks to the good Father "Mother's House" is left us still, and weary with the busy turmoil of life—wary of our selves—we turn our steps toward the dear house of rest, and at its threshold lay our burdens down. God grant that for us all there may long remain a "Mother's House."

ABOUT FACE POWDER.—A lady of experience has handed us the following: "After bathing the face, before drying apply a little glycerine with or without the dilution of rosewater; then take a flannel cloth and rub the face dry. Then, with a bit of cotton or a puff throw the powder on without friction; after which let matters rest as they are, until you have completed your toilet. When all is done, and 'twilight as the sun, fair as the moon,' &c., you stand before your tiring glass prepared for such harmless slaughter as the 'right' of our sex, take a soft linen rag and carefully remove all traces of powder, going into a strong light, and investigating every eye-brow and dimple. (If past the days of dimples, examine closely the wrinkles.) When this operation is conscientiously performed, if you are not satisfied with yourself just give up to destiny, and look to inward adorning. Let rouge alone. The store to buy carmine tints at is Nature's. Take brisk walks, drink milk, and ignore tea and coffee, gravies, spice and candies; and if you don't have cheeks and tips like hill side strawberries, call me a provocateur.

MISS CARRIE L.

Oh, bother cremation! We have to earn our living—and we don't want to be compelled to urn our dead.

Fortitude in Business.

Many a man who would be brave before a cannon's mouth, manifests lack of courage and fortitude in the ordinary affairs of life.

Discouragement and despair are always unmanly; and this should be borne in mind in times like these.

No matter how you are situated, do the best you can. If you have made mistakes in the past, rectify them in the present, and avoid them in the future. Everybody makes mistakes; therefore do not be disheartened because you have fallen into error, when you reflect that error is common to all.

Look at the future. There is the field for hope and for labor. Only regard the past for the lessons which it teaches. Say to yourself, disaster may come, but despair never!

Be brave in business as you would be brave in battle. If your efforts in the past have failed, renew and redouble them in the future. Never despair.

A few hints and recipes for the sick room may now and then be in place. Everything around the sick should be quiet and clean. The nurse should have a steady hand, clear head and tender heart; not talkative or nervous. Avoid arguments with the sick; do not sit or lean on the bed. Friends calling on the sick should make their stay short. The practice of visiting the sick on the Sabbath is a very poor one—that day often thus becomes the most trying and fatiguing of all to them. As a general rule do not go into the sick room unless you go to help. Do not deceive the sick; deceit breeds suspicion, and they will worry lest you keep something for them. Don't persuade the dying that they will recover, it is treason against the interests of the soul. Never enter a sick room in a moment of desperation; as the moment you become cool your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious disease with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and fire, because the heat attracts the vapor. Preventives are preferable to